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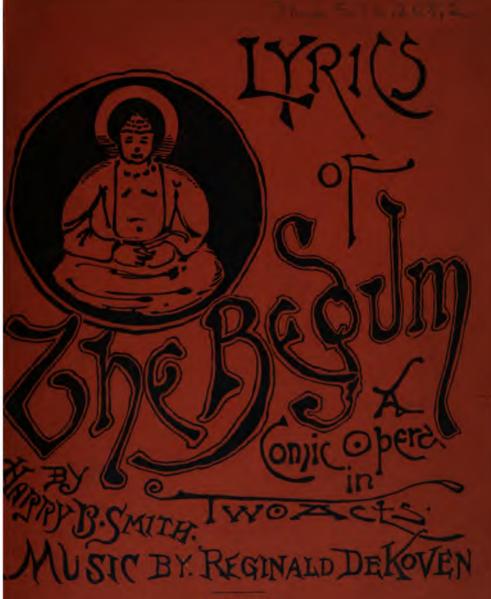
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# LYRICS OF

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# THE BEGUM.

A COMIC OPERA IN TWO ACTS.

Libretto by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

NEW YORK:
POLLARD & MOSS, PUBLISHERS,
47 JOHN STREET.

# HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY FROM THE GROWEST OF

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1910

### ORIGINAL PRODUCTION OF

# THE BEGUM.

# A HINDOO COMIC OPERA.

Music by REGINALD DE KOVEN. Libretto by HARRY B. SMITH.

### PRESENTED BY THE

# McCAULL OPERA COMPANY.

INO. A. McCAULL, Sole Proprietor and Manager.

THE CAST.		
The Begum of Oude, a monarch matrimonially inclined.  MATHILDE COTTRELLY.		
Howja-Dhu, her Prime Minister		
Pooteh-Wehl, his son		
Klahm-Chowdee, a Private Soldier		
Myhnt-Jhuleep, the Court Astrologer DIGBY BELL.		
Aminah, his daughter		
Jhust-Naut, the Court Jester		
Asch-Khart, an officer in the royal household.		
HARRY MACDONOUGH.		
Namouna, a fortune-teller	LAURA JOYCE-BELL.	
Damayanti, a Nautch dancer		
Taf eh)	JOSEPHINE KNAPP.	
Kahra-mel:	NINA BERTINI.	
Nou-gat	GRACE SEAVEY.	
Bon·bon	Paula Franko.	
Chorus of Nautch Girls. Chorus of Officers of the Army of Oude.		
SCENE.—Northern India.		
ACT I.—The Begum's Palace (interior). JOSEPH CLARE. ACT II.—On the Banks of the Ganges. JOSEPH CLARE.		
Musical Director For J. A. McCaull HERR ADOLPH NOWAK. Stage Manager.		
The Costumes from original plates, designed under the personal supervision of Mme. COTTRELLY.		

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# THE STORY OF "THE BEGUM."

"The Begum" is a two-act comic opera, with the scene laid in the East Indies. The Begum is a princess reigning over the province of Oude. She is a historical personage, and it is a fact that she was allowed as many husbands as she pleased to marry. In the opera the Begun (Mme. Mathilde Cottrelly) makes it her custom to marry her general-in-chief, and when he becomes a bore she declares war. The husband meets a hero's death, and the Begum marries his successor, who expeditiously meets a like fate. The central comedy figure is Howja-Dhu, the Prime Minister, played by DeWolf Hopper. This worthy has a substitute yclept Klahm-Chowdee (Hubert Wilke) serving for him in the army, and whenever the substitute distinguishes himself in battle *Howia*, as Prime Minister, promotes himself to higher military rank. The court astrologer, Myhnt-Thuleet (Digby Bell) has a daughter Aminah (Marion Manola) engaged in the snake-charming business, engaged also to Pooteh-Wehl (Edwin Hoff), Howja-Dhu's son. These two cannot marry until Pooteh-Wehl succeeds his father as Prime Minister, so Myhnt-Thuleep prophesies the demise of Howja-Dhu, being assisted in his cabalistic work by Namouna, a fortune-teller, played by Laura Joyce Bell. These two do not rely upon the black art alone, but after making a prediction they conspire zealously to secure its fulfillment. When the opera opens the Begum is returning from battle, wherein her husband, the general-in chief, has been slain, as usual. The substitute, Klahm-Chowdee, is the sole remaining private in the army, and the Begum is about to make him general-in-chief and marry him, when she discovers that he is a salaried substitute, and declaring that no sordid hireling should be her bridegroom she proclaims that the employer of the substitute is the real hero, who should be promoted and married. This very disagreeable honor falls to the lot of Howja-Dhu, and Mr. Hopper's despair here is terrible to witness, for no one married to the Begum ever lives more than a few weeks, while to heighten the terror of the situation Howja, a middle-aged widower, is engaged to marry Damayanti, a popular Nautch girl, played by Miss Annie Myers.

The scene of the second act is the exterior of a temple on the banks of the Ganges, where the Begum's guards are keeping a death-watch on Pooteh-Wehl, now the betrothed

of her royal highness. She discovers that *Howia* is not defunct, but feigning dissolution, and Klahm-Chowdee is dispatched by Myhnt-Yhuleep in search of the fugitive. Klahm says he loves the Legum for herself alone, and he will only consent to play the detective on condition that Myhnt prophesy that he (Klahm) marry her. This is agreed to, and Klahm-Chowdee starts in search of Howja, having only the description that he is "a middle-aged brunette." With this description he suspects almost the entire male population, including himself. Howja is disguised as a water-carrier, and, on account of his attachment for Damayanti, he is desirous of getting into the habit of living once more. Pooteh-Wehl and Aminah also wish Howia to reappear in order that the Begum may marry him. Howja asserts that he cannot reappear as a general-in-chief, for he will be sacrificed to the matrimonial Juggernaut at once. "Very well," says Myhnt- Thuleep, "you were promoted to the position of general-in-chief because of your substitute's valor, now degrade yourself because of your substitute's cowardice."

"But," says Howja-Dhu, "he won't be a coward. He takes a malicious delight in being absurdly courageous."

"Bribe him," continues Myhnt, "offer him your cast-off title of 'General-in-Chief.'" This is done. Klahm-Chowdee goes to work to be a coward, Howja conscientiously degrades himself and confers his title of General upon Klahm. Then Howja reappears as a lowly private, while Klahm, appearing as General-in-Chief, is pounced upon by the Begum and married according to custom. It has been her hope, however, to be loved for herself alone, and as Klahm-Chowdee is a satisfactory husband in this respect, she proclaims this to be her final alliance, much to the satisfaction of her four pretty nieces, Taf-eh (Josephine Knapp), Kahramel (Nina Bertini), Nou-gat (Grace Seavey), and Bon-bon (Paula Franko), who could not marry till the Begum was wed for good. Pooteh-Wehl is restored to Aminah; Howja-Dhu marries Damayanti; Myhnt-Thuleep is united to Namouna, and the matrimonial epidemic, characteristic of comic-opera choruses, seizes upon all the Nautch girls and the officers of the Begum's army. The court jester, Thust-Naut (Mr. DeAngelis) and an officer, Asch-Khart (Mr. Macdonough), are also connected with the plot.

# THE BEGUM.

# A Hindoo Comic Opera.

# ACT L

Scene. The garden of the Begum's Palace on the Banks of the Ganges, entrance of the Palace, L. Splendid Throne for the Begum. At R. the Entrance to the residence of Myhnt-Jhuleep. Nautch Girls enter R. and L. in characteristic dance.

### CHORUS OF NAUTCH GIRLS.

With acrobatic trickery
Vic circulate around.
The beauties of Terpsichore
We gracefully expound.
In evolutions sinuous,
We picturesquely move.
Our mazy grace continuous
Spectators must approve.

Male Charus (In the palace):-

Your dancing is convivial
We fully understand;
But dancing is but trivial
While we have war on hand.

Girls

We need not long expatiate
On grace that must ingratiate
Itself with those who satiate
Their dazzled sense of sight;
For young and old with gratitude
Admire each pose and attitude,
In epigram and platitude
Expressing their delight.
Tripping, twirling,
Wheeling, whirling,

We revolve in fashion that is pleasing to the eye.

Pirouetting

And coquetting,

Poetry of motion is what we exemplify.

(All dance enthusiastically. After dance, they retire up stage. Myhnt-Jhuleep and Asch-Khart enter R.)

### RECITATIVE.

Asch-Khart. This joy is well, oh! daughters of the dance,

All sadness to this day were contradictory.

'Tis meet and fitting thus to sing and prance

In celebration of our Begum's victory.

Myhnt-Jhuleep. To me is due the routing of the foe;

All foolish pride pray mortify and dissipate;

For I, I prophesied some time ago

That such a victory you might anticipate.

(Asch-Khart salaams and exits.)

# SONG-MYHNT-JHULEEP.

When gazing in the future in capacity clairvoyant,

Great marvels I can contemplate in ages yet to be,

Phenomena whose presence now would render you all buoyant;

But, sad to say, their certainty I cannot guarantee.

For instance, men of native birth in all police positions,

And aldermen refusing proffered bribes with fiendish glee,

And conscientious jurymen and honest politicians;

But, sad to say, their certainty I cannot guarantee.

I see existing amity 'twixt capital and labor,

Monopolists and communists together taking tea,

And every European pow'r hobnobbing with its neighbor, But, sad to say, their certainty I cannot guarantee.

All parvenus will look upon their neighbors as their equals,

An erudite attorney will accept a mod'rate fee,

And there will be no weddings with divorces for their sequels, But, sad to say, their certainty I cannot guarantee.

(The Nautch Girls come down stage.)

Chorus. When that blissful time shall come We will hail the millennium;

But it fills us with despair When we reflect we may not be there,

(The girls return to their places up stage.)

Myhnt. I see, methinks, the millionaires do good in manner stealthy,
Embezzlers who have cash not given leave to go scot free,
Young damsels who will not prefer the suitors who are wealthy,
But, sad to say, their certainty I camot guarantee.

The sirgue slaves and ministral man some pound into will

The circus clowns and minstrel men some novel jests will offer.

While woman will not wear her hair as short as short can be, And sometimes will say "Thank you," when a street-car seat you proffer,

But, sad to say, their certainty I cannot guarantee.

A race of honest tradesmen to our many wants will cater, Acquaintances will never want to borrow "say a V,"

And one to keep from famine need not always "tip" the waiter, But, sad to say, their certainty I cannot guarantee.

Our incomes will be longer, and our monthly bills be shorter, Obliging friends will laugh when one relates a jeu d'esprit, When riding in the slêeping car you need not fee the porter; But, recollect, these marvels 1 refuse to guarantee.

(Nautch Girls come down stage as before.)

Chorus.

Though that most ecstatic state Will for us all arrive too late, We will waive that small detail, Singing, "Day of delights, all hail."

CHORUS OF NAUTCH GIRLS.

Strew the way with flow'rets blooming And with garlands gay.

Let their blushing and perfuming Make a holiday.

Come the victors with their trophies, Fruits of stratagem,

So with dance and joyous strophes, Let us welcome them.

(The Nautch Girls group R. and L. The officers of the Begum's army led by Asch-Khart, enter L. in single file.)

### CHORUS OF OFFICERS:

Comrades, we in victory and glory
With our banners waving in the breeze.
We are joyful when the battle's gory
And the foemen fall upon their knees.
When the carnage round us waxes dire,
And the foemen's fat is in the fire.
Then their craven souls we quickly overawe
With a most demoniac hurrah, 'rah, 'rah!

We're highly gratified to find your welcome to us is not tepid; Yes, and our feelings you touch.

This is a greeting that is worthy of an officer intrepid,...

But we expected as much.

Tenors.

We thought; as much.

Basses.
All.

We thought as much.

For when our officer has fought:

And slain his formen as he ought.

Tis nice to have his presence sought.

By maids with roses fraught.

Comrades, we in victory and glory-etc.

Nautch Girls. We think that you should have a welcome warm from every Nautchnee daughters.

Our admiration is such;

But we exceedingly regret to learn that in the recent slaughter

Fell some we loved just as much

Tenors.
Basses.

We thought as much. (Aside to each other.)

We thought as much.

All.

But when an officer is dead, His rivalry cannot be said

To injure those who homeward tread,

Their sweethearts fair to wed.

### ENSEMBLE.

Comrades, we in victory and glory—etc.

Chant a stately pæan To our Grand Vizier, Peer and poor plebeian,
As he now draws near.
Potentate particular,
Peaceful is his bent;
But his vain auricular
Loves a compliment.
Chant a stately pæan—etc.

(Howja-Dhu enters attended)

SONG-Howia-Dhu.

a.

When war began, I said, said I: "My duty is to go."

(They drafted me, you see, and so I could not well say no;)
But as my life was far too precious to be thrown away,
I hired a wretched substitute at rupees twain per day.

"Go forth," said I, "and for your country perish in the fight;"
You'll say 'twas inconsid'rate, and I rather think you're right.

But oh! the moral beauty

But oh! the moral beauty Of doing of one's duty,

And oh! the sense of calm content at thought of duty done!

And oh! the satisfaction

Of peaceable inaction,

And oh! the peaceful joy of looking after number one!

CHORUS:

But oh! the moral beauty!

11.

And so I went to battle—by a deputy, of course;
My preternatural prowess was of proper pride the source;
And when I say my prowess, I intend to say, you see,
The prowess of the person who was substitute for me.
I always ordered him into the thickest of the fight,
You'll say 'twas inconsid'rate, and I don't know but you're right.
But oh I the moral beauty—etc.

CHORUS: And oh! the moral beauty—etc.

II.

Howja. Whene'er my hireling's valor caused our side to win a fight,
I claimed promotion for his deeds, and got it, which was right;

And when the caitiff took a flag or badly wounded fell, I wore his medals, which, methinks, became me passing well. In this way by his valor I achieved a rank of height; You'll say 'twas inconsid'rate, and I rather think you're right But oh! the moral beauty—etc.

CHORUS: But oh! the moral beauty—etc.

Howja. Now, while this vassal fights and dies at rupees twain per day, I wear a Colonel's uniform and draw a Colonel's pay.

While he endures the trials of a wretched private's place, I also take his honors with a captivating grace.

Behold in me an officer who never saw a fight, You'll say I am a swindler, and I don't know but you're right.

But oh! the moral beauty—etc..

CHORUS: We join our accents choral To say we see the moral,

A general need scarcely know a cross-bow from a gun, If he is only foxy,

And fights and dies by proxy,

And deems it is his duty to look after number one.

# DUET-Howja-Dhu and Myhnt-Jhuleep.

Howja. What though I be attired in warlike raiment,
I never saw a battle in my life.
I'm content with soldier's uniform and payment,
And with abstinence from sanguinary strife.

Myhnt. Your marvelous array of medals pendant
Most certainly is pleasing to the sight,
And useful is a uniform resplendent
To a millinery, military wight.

Howja. I'm a military wight, Myhnt. I'm a millinery wight.

Howja. Arts of war, let other soldiers learn them,

Though I'm certain I would be a fiend incarnate in a fight,
And if the foe implored for mercy I would spurn them,
And then I would be a mercy nary wight.

Myknt. I beg to state that if your courage has not ripened
'Mid a scene of slaughter, you would nearly die of fright;
But, if you refer to drawing of your stipend,

I admit you'd be a mercenary wight.

I'm incredulous.

Howja. Myhnt. You don't know me.

Valor sedulous

You'll not show me.

Howja.

I'm a military, military wight, etc. You're a millinery, military wight, etc.

Myhnt. You're a millinery, military wight, etc.

(They dance off R. and L. Pooteh-Wehl enters L.)

### BALLAD-POOTEH-WEHL

Love is pain and love is pleasure. Love is loss or love is gain. Love is like a merry measure, Or is like a sad refrain. It depends on circumstances. Over which we've no control. Whether love one's joy enhances Or in sorrow steeps the soul. With an income light and airy Such as mine appears to be, I don't wonder girls are chary Of proposals made by me. Alas for love in this sad day! Love like mine is cast away. Vainly I sigh, echoes reply Love is not for such as I.

(Turning to window, R.)

Now beneath your window lattice,
I am waiting, sweetheart fair.
If my song is sad, why, that is
Owing to my dark despair,
For I see you far above me,
As the stars serenely shine,
And, although I know you love me,
You object to being mine,

I lament that love no longer
Aids when maids are to be won.
Sordid dross, it seems, is stronger
And of that, ah me! I've none.
Alas for love, in this—etc.

### SONG-AMINAH.

Amid the moss the cobra lies
With raffled hood and flaming eyes,
And when I see his form upreared,
I sing a chant wild and weird.

Mai a ma ahia! Fai a te mai ah!

(She plays an interlude on the flute.)

See the serpent glisten,

All its gleaming coils uprearing,

Now it seems to listen,

Half enchanted and yet half fearing, While I with languor smiling,

The serpent slowly beguiling.

Sing, Mai a ma ahia! Fai a te mai ah!

Frightened and harmless soon 'twill be gone, See, o'er the moss 'tis swift gliding on. 'Tis gone! yes, 'tis gone!

(She circles about him, playing upon her flute, and at the end of the symphony exits L.; Pooteh-Wehl exits R., waving her a farewell.) (Taf-eh, Kahra-mel, Bon-bon, and Nou-gat enter two and two, R. and L.)

# QUARTETTE.

The Four. Many are the lovers 'round us sighing;
Many are the swains who for us vie.
To settle down the Begum still is trying,
And suitors, till she loves, we must deny.

Many are the lovers 'round us sighing, We very, very often feel like crying. "No" we find so hard to say, Yet we needs must say them nay.

Taf-eh. From an old but wealthy nabob I'd an offer yesterday; But the Begum isn't settled, so I had to say him nay.

Now-gat. And for months a love-sick Rajah for my heart and hand has pined;
But the Begum isn't settled; his proposal was declined.

The Four. But the Begum isn't settled, etc.

Kahra-mel. Such an eligible Brahmin popped the question yestermorn;

But the Begum isn't settled; I rejected him with scorn.

Bon-bon. I've been begged by foreign potentates to share their various ranks;

But the Begum isn't settled; I refused them all with thanks.

Oh, we fail to admit we should,
And we never supposed we could
Thus await in a state that is desolate
Till the Begum is wed for good.
We have lovers both old and new;
But we've nothing with them to do;
So in plights like these you'll excuse us, please,
If we pause to observe: "Boo-hoo!"
Boo-hoo!
If we stop to remark: "Boo-hoo!"

### CHORUS:

Chant a panegyric,
In a gladsome voice,
Warble praises lyric,
Let us all rejoice.
For our Queen victorious
Laurels let us bring,
And with noise uproarious

Let the welkin ring. Chant a panegyric, etc.

(The Begum is brought on in a palanquin. The four nieces attend her. General salaaming and demonstrations of reverence.)

### SONG-THE BEGUM.

T.

I'm a matrimonial monarch of a captivating kind, Of husbands I have had a few—their number never mind. I change them on an average three times a month or so, And the altar is the halter for the most of them, you know.

Four Nieces. And the altar is the halter for the most of them, you know.

Begum. I sentence them to sudden death their honeymoons to mar, Which I admit is carrying things a little bit too far.

CHORUS: She dooms them all to sudden death their honeymoons to mar,

Which we agree is carrying things a little bit too far.

Ħ.

Begum. 'Tis ridiculous to fancy that a personage like me
With a single wretched husband all my life content could be.
Variety's the spice of life, you'll all allow, of course,
And it's easier to kill them off than sue for a divorce.

Four Nieces. Yes, it's easier to kill them off-etc.

Begum. Replete with hero husbands several cemeteries are, Which I admit is carrying things a little bit too far.

CHORUS: That filled with hero husbands several cemeteries are,
Impresses us as carrying things a little bit too far.

III.

Begum. I've tried all tribes and races from the Greek to Hottentot,
And, though some of them were handsome, the majority
were not.

All is well while they amuse me, but when one becomes a bore,

I divorce him in the manner that I told you of before.

Four Nieces. In the expeditious manner that she told you of before.

Begum. And as each husband perishes he thanks his lucky star,

Which I admit is carrying things a little bit too far.

CHORUS: Yes, as each husband perishes—etc.

### SONG -- KLAHM-CHOWDEE.

г

When first I heard my country's call
There came to me a man.
Said he: "I cannot go; that's all;
But you, sir, must and can."
He trembled when the war began,
With most apparent fright;
He was an inoffensive man
And nowhere in a fight.
So when he heard the rolling drum
Call forth each raw recruit,
He gave to me a tidy sum
To be his substitute.

I marched by night; I marched by day,
And regularly drew my pay.
'Mid the rattle of the drums and the trumpet's hoot
Sing hey for the valor of a substitute.

CHORUS:

He marched by night, etc.

H

Klahm.

Amid the battle's dreadful din
None saw my ardor lag.
The first engagement I was in
I captured of a flag.
When my employer learned the fact
He rubbed his hands with glee;
They made him colonel for the act,
But never noticed me.
So he a warrior became,
Of prowess and repute,
And, I've no doubt, forgot the name

Of me, his substitute.

I fought by night, I fought by day, etc.

CHORUS: He fought by night, etc.

HII.

Klahm. When carnage comes I'm ever nigh,

Whatever may betide,

And for my honored country I

Have fought and bled and died,

While my employer stayed at home.

And after I had fought

Was placed upon Fame's lofty dome

And was with medals fraught.

I never get as much as thanks:

I get no praise, no loot;

I'm still a private in the ranks,

A lowly substitute.

I fought by night, etc.

CHORUS: He fought by night, etc.

DUET-NAMOUNA AND MYHNT-JHULEEP.

Nam. Do you remember, sir, a night

When we together strolled Amid the radiant moonlight And love-lorn ditties trolled?

When you my face and figure praised

As you alone could do;

And in my hazel eyes you gazed
With yours of azure hue?

Myhnt. (Reflecting.) In vain the hall of memory I scan,
I think it must have been some other man.

Nam. (doubtfully).

Myhnt-Jhulæp (positively).

It may have been.

It must have been,

Perhaps you're right; it was

I'm positive it was some other man.

some other man.

Myhnt. Do you remember, ma'am, a night Whose pleasure yet endures,

When you with me enamored quite,
Besought me to be yours,
You took my arm and slyly placed—(illustrating)
With smiles, for I was coy—
It round—is that the self-same waist?
And called me stupid boy?

Nam.

In mem'ry's casket there is no such pearl, I think it must have been some other girl.

Myhnt (doubtfully.)

Nam. (positively.)

It may have been.

It must have been.

Perhaps you're right, it was some other girl.

I know it must have been some other girl.

RECITATIVE.

Myhnt.

As I've predicted the death of Howja-Dhu, Help me, I beg, to make this promise true.

Keep me from failure.

Nam.

I-consent; I will.

Myhnt.

Help me this last prediction to fulfill,

Your wondrous pow'r is mighty-all declare it,

And I invoke its aid.

Nam.

'Tis yours, I swear it

If Howja weds the Begum her majestic ire to mollify, Our magic pow'r his joy will most unquestionably qualify,

What we foresee with ghoulish glee would fill his soul with dread;

We prophesy that he will die, so he's as good as dead.

Myhnt (aside.)

With the aid Of this jade

I am not a bit afraid.

Our Grand Vizier Will disappear

As all my plans were laid.

Both (aside R. and L.) Hist! hist! Likewise whist!

Though we speak each other fair,

Treason's terming; we are scheming

With a most complacent air.

Hark! hark! Keep it dark,

Let no plots and plans be seen,

Do not worry, do not flurry, But maintain a mystic mien.

Nam. Yet in this immolation I feel called on to reiterate

That it is wretched taste a blushing bridegroom to obliterate.

It seems unfair to war declare and place him where he risks

His life and limb for grandeur grim and gilded obelisks.

Myhnt.

Be content
And consent!

And consent:

Keep these fearsome feelings pent; If he is killed,

O'er him I'll build A stylish monument.

Both. Hist! hist! etc.

(They dance out R. and L.)

# TRIO AND CHORUS.

Myhnt. (Bringing Namouna to C.)

If you would kiss a maiden fair—A privilege that's passing rare—Considerately, politely,
Exhibit no unseemly haste
And do not think to clasp her waist;
For your salute must be most chaste;
So smile upon her brightly. (Illustrates.)
Then stand away two feet or three
And clasp her finger-tips like me;
Then bending low, you understand,
You print a kiss upon her hand.

All.

Her hand? He he! Her hand? Ho ho!

If that's the only way you know, You cannot teach us much—that's flat, We know a trick worth two of that.

(Aminah leads Pooteh-Wehl forward.)

Aminah. If any ma

If any maid your heart allures, Inclose her tiny hands in yours; But gently—never tightly,
And languish in her dusky eyes
Your satisfaction well disguise,
Give no occasion for surprise;
But deal with her politely;
And then inclining cautiously
You pout your ruby lips like me.
And in a manner mild and meck
You print a kiss upon her cheek. (Does so.)

All.

Her cheek? He he!
Her cheek? Ho ho!

If that's the only way you know,
You cannot teach us much - that's flat.
We know a trick worth two of that.

# Dam. (Leading Howja forward.)

Select a man of pleasing phiz,
And fix your optics fast on his,
Replete with tender passion.
'Twill certainly enhance the charm,
And give less reason for marm,
If round his waist you clasp your arm;
Well, something in this fashion. (Exemplifies.)
Then hold him close as close can be.
Observe the method. Just like me;
And while you press his finger-tips,
You print a kiss upon his lips.

All.

His lips? He he!
His lips? Ho ho!
We thought of that some time ago.
All other ways are tame and flat,
No other way can equal that.

### FINALE.

### CHORUS:

Hail the widow broken-hearted!
Hail the happy bride!
In replacing the departed
She is justified.

Rend the air with lamentation For the dear deceased; Then exult in acclamation For the nuptial feast.

Hail the widow, broken-hearted-etc.

(During chorus the Begum, attended by her four nieces, enters from palace. All salaam. She sits on throne L.)

(Namouna and Myhnt come forward.)

Nam.

To tell these tidings, I dread;
But still the words must be said:
The bridegroom is dead.
His death-blow was sped
By rivals who hope in his stead
The Begum to wed.
They seem to have fled.

Pray pardon the tears that I shed. (Weeps.)

(All horrified.)
The Begum.

Then we will wed, serene, complacent, Of all his heirs, the next adjacent.

### CHORUS OF OFFICERS.

(Sotto voce, aside.)

Nobody seems eager, Wedded bliss so meager

All aspiring swains must terrify-fie! fie!

Rapture paroxysmal

O'er a prospect dismal,

Somehow no one seems inclined to try-ay, ay

She has such caprices

That affection ceases

After for a month she loves one well. Well, well.

Then the man she'd cherish

Never fails to perish

Trying traitor foemen to dispel, pell-mell.

(To the Begum, enthusiastically.)

Oh, what joy the bridegroom must await Whom the Begum chooses for her mate;

But right nobly every warrior brave

Will, for his comrades' sake, all his chances waive.

Bigum. Since death conspired my bridegroom fair to win. My hand belongs unto his next of kin,

So I announce, to-morrow I will wed

His son and his successor in his stead.

(POOTEH-WEHL and AMINAH enter during this recitative.)

Nam., Myhnt, Aminah, and Pooleh.

CHORUS:

Oh, dark despair! to-morrow she The fiat has gone forth, and she will wed

will wed

His son and his successor in his His son and his successor in his stead. stead.

Amin.

Unpardonable liberty,

To wed a man engaged to me.

I now have a suspicion strong Namouna.

That this was prophesied all wrong.

Pooteh. With one more worthy be assuaged, To this young person I'm engaged.

(Embraces Aminah)

Nautch Girls. Then cast her off!

Officers.

Beware!

Nautch.

At you we scoff.

Off.

Take care.

All.

Ha, ha, ha!

Begum and Four Nieces, \

Thankless churl,

Take your proffered bride.

Such a pearl

Do not cast aside.

When one great

A low-born swain doth choose

And would mate,

'Tis impudent to refuse.

Officers.

Don't delay.

Nautch Girls,

To the nuptials go.

Officers.

Answer yea.

Nautch Girls. All.

Do not answer no. When one great-etc. Officers.

We confess to a sense of relief That she's chosen a General-in-Chief: For the bridegroom a honeymoon brief Enjoys, and then he comes to grief. While its pleasant enough to be King: Even one of a numerous string. In a month from this world to take wing Is entirely a different thing.

Nautch Girls.

Officers.

Thankless churl-etc.

We confess to a sense-etc.

Pooteh (to Aminah). Love, I learn with poignant anguish,

· If this honor I decline. As a celibate I'll languish And you never can be mine. Do not mind this outburst tender:

It is all done for effect.

(To the Begum).

Mighty monarch, I surrender. And your wishes I respect.

Pooteh-Wehl.

Aminah.

I must dwell alone forever If this honor I decline: But the cruel fates dissever. Still our lives will intertwine. Faithless one, to thus dissever All your sacred vows and mine. Now my life I pass forever In some lone, secluded shrine,

The Begum.

For a week or two, then sever,

And our lives will intertwine.

The Others. Now success crowns my endeavor. Now success crowns her endeavor. And their lives will intertwine For a week or two, then sever. Leaving her to mourn and pine.

Leaving me to mourn and pine. Nautch Girls.

Now cast her off!

Officers.

Beware!

Nautch.

At you we scoff.

Officers.

Despair!

All

(Excepting Nam., Amin., Pooteh, and Myhnt.) Ha. ha. ha!

Officers.

Nautch Girls. Thankless churl, etc.

We confess to a sense of relief, etc.

(Aminah swoons and is supported by Namouna and Myhnt-Jhuleep,

C. Pooteh-Wehl bids Aminah farewell and is ded away by the Begum, amid the congratulations of the four nieces, the Nautch Girls and the officers, Klahm-Chowdee and Asch-Khart L. Jhust-Naut and Damayanti R. Howja-Dhu is seen at the rear of the stage, viewing the scene with intense satisfaction. Tableau, curtain.)

END OF ACT I.

# ACT II.

SCENE. On the banks of the Ganges. A temple in R. foreground, illuminated in honor of the marriage of Pooteh-Wehl and the Begum. The officers are discovered keeping watch, Asch-Khart and Klahm-Chowdee with them. It is night, just before daybreak, and the moon is waning. An Indian city is seen in the distance.

### CHORUS OF OFFICERS.

The Begum's spouse that is to be
Within this shrine we guard.
This nuptial scrape he can't escape,
Which certainly seems hard.
As marriage forced does not agree
With his idea of liberty,
We keep him under lock and key,
Because his bride, the Begum, he
Seems willing to discard.

Asch. All ancient chronicles the fact rehearse,
That a wife's a blessing or an awful curse,
And he may be very happy, or he may be the reverse,
Who takes a royal personage for better or for worse.

Officers. All ancient chronicles the fact rehearse, etc.

### BALLAD - AMINAH.

I.

'Tis the old, old story
Wondrous sad and sweet,
Love awakes in glory,
Lives a season fleet;
Lives, to bring us gladness;
Fades, to bring us pain;

Dies, to bring us sadness; Then we love again.

(She turns toward the temple at R.)

Give me the heart
Thou hast denied,
Let us ne'er part
Whate'er betide.
For thee I wait,
Haste to my side.
Absence and fate,
Ne'er can divide.

II.

Love with woe is freighted,
Love is constant care,
Love's the concentrated
Essence of despair.
Love is never lenient,
But it has been found
Love's a most convenient
Thing to have around.

Give me the heart, etc.

# DUET-AMINAH AND POOTEH-WEHL.

Aminah. I love, at last, I've met my fate,
This heart has ceased to rove.
Now, by its rapid beating, repeating,
I know that at last I love—I love.
I'm happy when he's near.

Pooteh-Wehl.

And now he is here.

Aminah.

And did you hear my foolish words?

Ah me! I thought myself alone,

And to myself I thought to own

Love that has found my heart to-day.

Forget my words, torget them pray.

Pooteh- Wehl.

Ah, no, love, bid me not forget What I forgetting would regret,

My heart has long been sad and lonely, And yearns to love you, love you only.

Aminah. Hear, ye birds above me singing;

Listen, blossom, brook, and bee; Hear, ye clouds in azure winging, That my love loves only me.

Pooteh. Let me hear your whispered words.

Tell me in a tender undertone That you love me truly, darling; That you'll be my bride; my own.

Both. Hear, ye birds above us singing, etc.

QUARTETTE-DAMAYANTI, NAMOUNA, HOWJA, AND MYHNT.

E

Dam: We think—and minds salubrious.

Have often thought before—

Myhnt. That spinsters are lugubrious.

And bachelors a bore.

We view their lone barbarity. With charity, hilarity,

Howja. Twixt us is a disparity,

And shall be evermore.

Dam. Yes, we have often thought before.

Unmarried people are a bore.

Trouble and care would soon be fled,

If all mankind resolved to wed.

All. (Dancing.) Then let the old world say what it will. We'll cherish the same opinion still.

Let others berate The married estate.

Of it we'll never think ill, Sing marry-come-up in gladsome glee,

And join in a joyous jubilee; Let all adore

And sigh no more,

Sing ohé, heigha!

H.

Dam.

Nam.

In life's dim shades crepuscular, Who'd live a lonely life? Oh, better strong arms muscular,

Myhnt. Oh, better strong arms mus
On which to lean, a wife.

Dam.

Dam. All single bliss is vanity,

Inanity, insanity,

Howja. And is for all humanity
With inconvenience rife.

Prate not to us of single life; It is with inconvenience rife.

Nam. Sorrowing hearts would bound with glee,

If all the world would married be.

All. (Dancing.) Then let the old world say what it will, etc.

# DUET-Asch-Khart and Jhust-Naut.

Į.

Asch. In the carnage of a scrimmage

I'm a paragon and image
Of the heroes who are doughtiest in deed.

Thust. Indeed?

Asch. And when dastard dolts are livid Then my valor is most vivid,

And I scarce need say of gore I ne'er know need.

Thust. No need.

Asch. Though we solve this odd enigma, Upon me must stay the stigma,

Of his cowardice as doubtless you well know.

7hust. Well, no.

Asch. Soon I be a tautly tied groom,

And a blooming, blushing bridegroom,

I will settle down with everything just so.

Just so.

Thust.
Both. Then

Then with a fol di rol, a lol di rol, a fol la lay.

And with a pensive nonny nonny and a sad ohé,
Then with a lively tirra lira and a tooral lay

We'll be as merry as a bull-frog on a wet spring day.

(Dance.)

II.

Thust. We appear to have a focus Upon scheming hocus pocus,

And, though morally perhaps it's not quite right.

Asch. Quite right. Yhust. 'Twill be readily admi

'Twill be readily admitted E'en by imbeciles half-witted,

In the future we possess a keen insight—

Asch. In sight.

Thust. If the Begun you should marry

In this vale of tears you'll tarry
But a week or so, as doubtless you well know.

Asch. Thust.

Well, no.

That is if your deep devotion Should not win her sweet emotion, And unless you should make love to her just so.

Asch. Both. Just so!
Then with a fol di rol, etc.

### BALLAD-KLAHM-CHOWDEE.

I.

She I love is fair and queenly,
Far above me as a star,
That with radiance serenely
Beams upon me from afar;
But aloft, when she is shining,
All her loveliness I see,
And I cannot help repining
That she is so far from me.

Far from my love she shines,
Shines in her beauty rare;
And yet I own she's mine alone;
I only find her fair.
Never she knows my love,
Never she smiles on me.
In realms afar there dwells my star
That ne'er all mine can be.

### II.

Oft to me there comes a seeming,
When my own bright star I see,
That the beauty of her beaming
Is for others, not for me;
But I love her for the boldness
She to other suitors shows,
And I love her for the coldness
That to me she must disclose.

Far from my love she shines,
Shines in her beauty rare,
And yet I own she's mine alone,
I only find her fair.
Never she knows my love;
Never she smiles on me;
In realms afar, there dwells my star,
That ne'er all mine can be.

### SONG-THE BEGUM.

I.

What though my griefs cannot be called extensive,
For marriage tends to dissipate "the blues,"
I must admit that sometimes I am pensive;
On such occasions I invoke the muse.
In interims of widowhood distressing,
Harmonic sounds my path of life can smooth,
And even when my woes are most depressing,
The tom-tom has a tendency to soothe.

Then long live the tom-tom, the titillating tom-tom!

Many monarchs to its measures march to doom.

Sing hey for the gay tintinnabulating tom-tom!

There is music in its boom—boom—boom.

CHORUS. Then long live the tom-tom, etc.

Ħ.

Begum. What though I've tried all instruments outlandish,
The cymbals, cuckoo-whistle, and the bones;
What though the leader's baton I can brandish,
From piccolos evoke the sweetest tones;
What though I play the flute exasperating
Till listeners in torment rend their hair,
These instruments are surely captivating;
But cannot with the tom-tom gay compare.

Then long live the tom-tom, etc.

# DUET-THE BEGUM AND KLAHM-CHOWDEE.

Begum.

Oh, tell me if I weary grew
Of you;
No longer found your face so fair
And rare;
If I should cast your love away
Some day,
Oh, would you pine away and sigh
And die?

Klahm.
Oh, yes; with confidence I may reply,
In such a case I'd pine away and die.

Begum.
You would?

Klahm. I would.

Begum. Oh, joy! he'd pine away and die.

Klahm. If my love through some vain caprice

Should cease.

	If, owing to some other maid,
	Should fade, Oh, could you e'er be happy then
	Again?  Could you, with me so sadly missed,
_	Exist?
Begum.	In such a case, so great would be my pain,  I more than probably would be insane.
Klahm.	You would?
Begum.	I would.
Klahm.	Oh, joy! she thinks she'd be insane.
Both.	Oh, rapture! oh, ecstatic thought, That if I should desert my love,
	His ' life would be with sadness fraught,
	So cruelly should I hurt my love.
Begum.	I might a love than yours more pure Secure,
	And eyes that far above your eyes I'd prize;
	Would it increase your bitter woe
	To know
	I loved the latter love more true
	Than you?
Klahm.	Oh, yes, such knowledge would, I must confess
	Cause me the deepest, direct of distress.
Begum.	It would?
Klahm.	It would.
Begum.	Oh, joy! 'twould cause him deep distress.
Kahm.	While I might find a fairer face,
	More grace,
	A better match in every way,
	We'll say,
	If I left you for such a one,
	Alone.
	Oh, would you languish, would you tear Your hair?
Begum.	In such a case in sorrow and despair,
J	I'm willing quite to swear I'd tear my hair.
Klahm.	You would?
Begum.	I would.
Klahm.	Oh, joy! to think she'd tear her hair.
Both.	Oh, rapture! oh, ecstatic thought; That if I should desert my love,
	His Her life would be with sadness fraught,
	So cruelly should I hurt my love.

# DUET-HOWJA-DHU AND MYHNT-JHULEEP.

T

Howja. It is necessary, very,

That I have complete disguise: I'd be very far from merry,

Should pursuers me surprise.

Myhnt. As adviser cabalistic

I will serve you at my best;

Though 'twill be anachronistic, Some disguises I'll suggest;

And, accepting counsel mystic, You each one can put to test.

How does that strike you?

II.

Myhnt. You might be an Arab smuggler,

Or a pirate on the main,
Or an artful Hindoo juggler
Doing tricks none can explain;

That's a good disguise. Just grab it.

None will know then what you're at;

You must get into the habit Of exchanging this for that, And for taking a live rabbit From a gentleman's silk hit.

(As jugglers, they perform a basket trick.)

Both. How does that strike you?

III.

Howja. In a drama of sensation

I might play with fine effect, And to find me in such station

Surely no one would expect. Though a follower of Brahma

Even from a little boy; Still in life's strange panorama

There are joys that cannot cloy. Blood and thunder melodrama Fills my Hindoo heart with joy.

(They enact a melodramatic scene.)

Both. How does that strike you?

IV.

Myhnt. In a scena operatic You might pose in saf

You might pose in safe disguise; Some would hear with joy ecstatic, Some with anger and surprise; You might win immortal glory,
Be the hero of the hour,
In a lyric drama gory
Of intensity and power,
As that foreign Trovatore,
Who was locked up in the tower.

(They perform a scene from Italian opera.)

Both.

How does that strike you? (Encore verses ad libitum.)

CHORUS.

Officers. We come with garlands gay and festive, Entwined with blooming blossoms bright.

We sing an interlude suggestive Of a wassail of delight.

The future for the bride is rosy, And nobody that fact denies;

(Aside to each other.) But the outlook is grim, we imagine, for him, He's welcome to his precious prize.

All. The bridegroom should have thought before That, it his bride should favor war,

In a horrible death he must yield up his breath,

Which certainly must be a bore.

Girls. With tenderest of tributes floral We beg the blushing bride accept

Our compliments in cadence choral
At which we are most adept.
The bluebing bride is bright and business.

The blushing bride is bright and buoyant, In happiness she envies none;

(Aside to each other.) But the bridegroom, alas! we must certainly class

A martyr if there e'er was one.

All.

But then he should have borne in mind,
That, if to fight she is inclined,
She will abrogate peace and decree his decease,

In manner that is most unkind.

Offer acclamations eager

To the bride of blooming beauty.

Though the bridegroom's joy be meager,

Hail him also, 'tis our duty.

Though he weds a widow queenly,

Yet we all can smile serenely, Making merry; no one meanly Envies him his happy lot.

(The Beguin, Myhut, Namouna, and Four Nieces enter.)

Principals.

Let us joilify, Envy mollify, Naught can qualify Our jocund joy. Swains obtrusively, Woo effusively; But exclusively She loves this boy.

AII.

With no animus.
Pusillanimous,
Our unanimous
Choice is he.
We're hilarious
That our various
Multifarious
Tastes agree.

Let us quaff the crystal chalice,
Filled with pleasure to the brim.
Let no envy and no malice
Strive to rend his bride from him.
Hail the bride with cheers delighted!
Hail the wholesome wedding feast!
Hail the happy pair united!
May they reign a week at least.

### FINALE.

Klahm.

When carnage comes I'm ever night Whatever may betide, And for my homored country I Have fought and bled and died, While my employer stayed at home Promoted for my acts; But now a private he must roam—A prospect that distracts. At last I meet with proper thanks In bounty and repute, I've risen quickly from the ranks, No more a substitute.

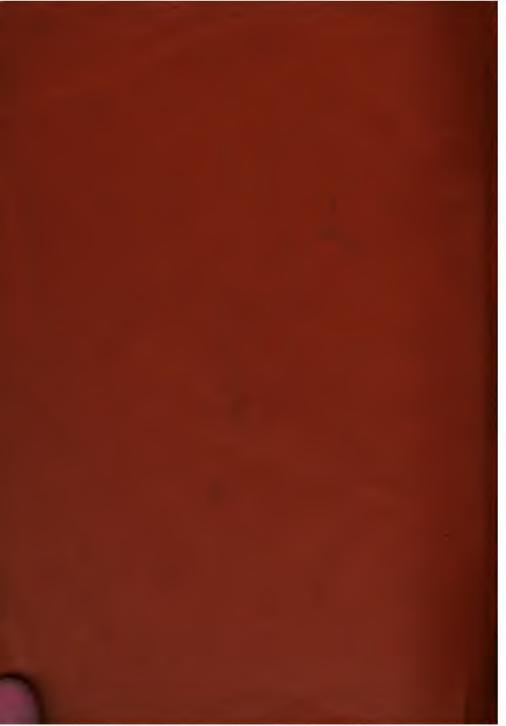
I'll fight by night, I'll fight by day,
And regularly draw my pay;
To the rattle of the drums and the trumpet's hoot
Sing hey for the elevated substitute.
He'll fight by night, he'll fight by day, etc.

All. He'll fight by night, he'll fight

The curtain falls.

END OF THE OPERA.







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